Denial

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by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Will is incredibly bored at one of Hannibal's dinner parties. Because of that, he decides to tease Hannibal a little bit. The result is better than expected, despite the measure he took - but Hannibal isn't going to let him get away with it without some punishment.

Notes

This is definitely one of my favorite threads from the challenges, perhaps because this one isn't short lol Anyways, enjoy!

Day 24 of Kinktober - Edging/Orgasm Denial

It'd been a while since Will started living with Hannibal. Well, not exactly living, since he had to check on his dogs, still at Wolf Trap, from time to time; but he was spending much more time at Hannibal's house, now that they were together. It was great most of the time, of course, but if there was something Will wasn't fond of, it was Hannibal's dinner parties. He didn't understand why Hannibal had the need to make these social gatherings, with lots of fancy, rich and talkative people. In nights like those, he preferred to stay in their bedroom, doing something he liked or maybe driving to Wolf Trap to stay with his dogs, but Hannibal almost always managed to make him stay - Will couldn’t resist Hannibal's kisses.

Therefore, once again, he found himself in the corner of the vast hall, sipping in a glass of red wine while observing everyone. He lost count of how many times he rolled his eyes and sighed, incredibly bored by the amount of trivial and dull things they were talking about. And there was Hannibal, smug, elegantly dressed in one of his best suits, greeting and speaking and smiling; Will laughed as he thought about how these people were face to face with the Chesapeake Ripper, they were nothing more than pigs that served to Hannibal's amusement. The Ripper liked to play with his food sometimes, Will learned that.

Soon, he saw Hannibal approaching him, a smirk on his lips.

"You know you could stay with me, Will", he said, stopping next to him.

"And you know how bored I get in these events", Will said with sarcasm and took a sip of the wine.

"I want them to see you", Hannibal said, placing his hand at Will's back.

"Am I your trophy, Dr. Lecter?", Will raised an eyebrow.

"Of course not", Hannibal smiled, "You're my treasure."

"Still an object", Will chuckled, amused at the metaphor.

"Don't be mad at me", Hannibal slid his hand to Will's waist.

"You're lucky that I love you", Will said, putting the empty glass on a platter a waiter was holding.

The next minutes were a torture for Will. Hannibal brought him to a circle where some people talked, and introduced him to those who haven't met him yet. Will had to force smiles and talk, two things that he hated, especially when it came to strangers. Will wanted to be buried alive while he listened to the awful small talk.

After a while, he had an idea. He dragged Hannibal away from the people, with the excuse that he had something important to say, and asked for another glass of wine to the waiter.

"What's the matter, dear?", Hannibal said, curious. Will drank a bit, pretending to look like he was going to say something, and then faked a stumble, spilling some of the wine on

Hannibal's suit. Everyone seemed to be focused on their own things, so nobody noticed. Will had a devilish expression with a hint of false innocence.

"Oops?", Will smirked, "I'm sorry, Hannibal"

"Why this, so suddenly?", Hannibal asked, incredulous but calm, tilting his head.

"I said I was bored", Will teased, putting the glass on a counter near them, "It seems that you'll have to change it. I can help you if you want, it was my fault after all", Will's tone was now flirty.

Hannibal understood why Will did it, and pierced him with his eyes. "You naughty little thing", he purred, low.

All of a sudden, Hannibal grabbed Will's wrist and headed them to the bathroom, subtle enough not to draw attention. He locked the bathroom's door and abruptly pined Will against the cold wall, making him gasp.

"The result was better than I expected", Will's cheek was pressed to the wall, as well as his hands. Hannibal behind him, their bodies pressed.

"Nasty boy", Hannibal said in Will's ear, hands already on his ass. "Are you that desperate for it?"

"I talked to your fancy friends, you owe me something", Will said while he felt Hannibal's firm grip on his ass.

"But what you did was very rude", Hannibal said, sliding his hands up to Will's waist, under the shirt. "I don't think you deserve it."

"You're hard", Will teased.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll have my release."

Then, Hannibal began to kiss Will's neck while his hands went up and down on his waist, going up to the nipples from time to time then going down to his ass again. Will grabbed Hannibal's hair, arm behind his head, and felt Hannibal skillfully unbuckling his belt, and pulling his pants down without wasting time. Will moaned when Hannibal started to stroke his cock, slow movements at first while nibbling on his neck. Hannibal then went to Will's ear with his mouth, biting it, letting Will hear his low breathing closely.

With the other hand, he put his fingers on Will's mouth, and Will began to suck them between his moans while Hannibal jerked him off. When the fingers were wet enough, Hannibal moved his hand to Will's ass once again, and quickly began to massage his hole. Will felt like he would come at any moment, his cock leaking precum against Hannibal's other hand.

Hannibal inserted two fingers at once, and Will groaned loud, biting his lips.

"Almost-", Will whimpered, panting, as he rocked his hips against Hannibal's hand, wanting more and more friction.

Hannibal smirked and at the same time, stopped masturbating Will, who let out a gasp of disappointment. Then, Hannibal focused on Will's hole, scissoring him with both fingers, bringing his hand, wet with Will's leaking, to his mouth.

"Delicious as always", he purred. Will tried to spread his legs more, sweaty hands on the wall, still recovering from the interrupted orgasm.

Hannibal put a third finger, moving in and out and it didn't take long for him to reach Will's prostate, making him let out a cry of pleasure and need. Will rocked his hips at the same pace, Hannibal hitting his prostate every single time. He trembled, about to come, however, Hannibal abruptly took out his fingers. Will's tears began to run down his face, his legs shaking a little.

Hannibal chuckled against Will's ear, delighting himself with his boy's reaction.

"Please...", Will whispered, desperate.

How he looked different from the bold Will from minutes before. Hannibal simply unbuttoned his pants, taking his completely hard cock out. He placed a hand on the back of Will's neck, making him stay still against the wall, and with the other hand, he grabbed his waist, strongly enough to leave a bruise. Without warning, Hannibal got in, entirely. Will let out a shaky moan, closing his eyes tightly, more tears falling. Hannibal started to move, back and forth, almost cruelly. He wanted to punish Will for what he did. He thrust, hard, violent, and hit Will's prostate again, and again.

When Will felt he was about to come, again, Hannibal gripped his cock, commanding a "no".

In the end, Hannibal came inside of Will. Will didn't, so he cried, falling on his knees on the bathroom's floor while cum ran down his legs. Hannibal left to finally change his suit, and Will stayed on the floor. Alone, still hard and frustrated.

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